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The MIRROR

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JOHN McGURN
Class President, 1929
Editor of the MIRROR

Class History

Our first day at high school, September 8, 1926, was a strange one. Because the assembly hall was already overcrowded with seniors and juniors, we were guided into classrooms on the first floor by kind teachers who entertained us with accounts of school life or gave us general directions for finding rooms. Finally, at the call for sophomores, we rushed to the auditorium, rooms were assigned to us, and we rushed downstairs again, opening and closing doors to look at the numbers. Most of us recall the day thus far. The rest of the morning is a blur of program cards, roll calls, personal statements, occasional errors, and long assignments for the following day. This chaos was relieved by the dismissal bell, and we wandered out into the sunshine slightly bewildered but obviously proud to be high school students.

Although we felt quite at home before the end of the first week, we also began to realize that, although the upper classmen were the same we had known in junior high school, our teachers and the lessons they taught were *not* the same. Our knowledge of Latin, for instance, was too elementary; geometry seemed to be a subject hitherto unknown; indeed, even the English language acquired new words and terms.

Meanwhile, from the very first days of school, football practice had claimed the attention of the boys. As the season rolled on and closed with the team always on the side of victory, our classmates who played in the game rapidly became heroes equal to Ivanhoe and King Richard.

After the Thanksgiving recess, however, the sophomore class seemed to be leading a monotonous life, but just at that time Mr. Crawford's plans for an operetta really developed. The tedium of school work disappeared. Tryouts for the cast, open to members of all three classes, were announced, choruses and soldiers practiced, and the orchestra rehearsed. It was soon evident that many sophomores were theatrically inclined. Indeed, dramatics appealed to so many that the Sophomore Dramatic Club, which now admits students of all classes to membership, was organized by the class of 1929 under the direction of Miss Rand. This club, whose charter members are to graduate this year, has grown in popularity and membership every season.

Shortly before the Christmas vacation, the sophomore class met to elect its officers. The battle was long, noisy, and sometimes fierce, but the final count of votes gave the following candidates large majorities: President, John McGurn; Vice President, Frances Cooke; Secretary-Treasurer, Jeannette Barrow; Auditor, Irad Hardy.

William Storer, who had been elected chairman of the first social committee, announced the date, Friday evening, January 21, 1927. Alas, in spite of all, that could be done, the sophomore's human nature did not change. The first social was like all other first socials—merely a

LILLIAN SUNDIN
Class Historian, 1929

morning assembly—girls sitting on one side of the hall; boys opposite amusing themselves likewise.

During the winter months of 1927, the high school skating rink was much in demand. When the boys' hockey team was not in action there, the girls' gym. classes were transferred to the ice, and the rink was an especially popular meeting place during study periods.

When spring came, however, skates and hockey sticks immediately disappeared from the new coat lockers, while bats and gloves suddenly found their way to boys' lockers.

Then, because it was spring and we wanted another social before becoming juniors, the president called a second meeting, and we elected Jeannette Barrow chairman of the spring social committee. On the evening of May 13, 1927, the sophomores returned to school to find the assembly hall transformed into a cabaret. Although it was Friday, the thirteenth, the cabaret was a social success.

Only a few weeks of the school year then remained; the seniors had their class day, were graduated, and we sophomores were then free for the summer.

The vacation seemed scarcely to have begun when we returned to school to greet our old friends as well as the sophomores, to whom we assumed an air of cool dignity. Once more we prepared to study hard, for our list of subjects had grown. Had we not been warned that the junior's life is one of study?

During the first few days, the portable building afforded much amusement and aroused varied comment. How cautiously we splashed out there in the rain or, as winter approached, slipped along the ice path to the annex door!

Our football players, determined to make a good showing although graduation had robbed them of all but one star performer, did well, and many were the men who received valuable training for the coming season.

In October we reorganized our class, electing as President, William Rhodes; Vice President, Frances Cooke; Secretary-Treasurer, Jeannette Barrow; Auditor and Athletic Representative, Irad Hardy.

A few days later we elected Emily Lancaster chairman of the social committee. This party was held on November 4, 1927. How different from the first sophomore social! To quote the newspaper—"A good time was had by all."

At this time rehearsals for the second operetta, *Naughty Marietta*, were begun, and our class again contributed to both cast and chorus.

Several weeks later we chose our class colors and motto. Although the boys were slightly uncertain as to the exact shades, American Beauty combined with Sand were selected for class colors while *Excelsior—Onward and Upward*—became our motto.

Of course report cards were issued quarterly throughout the year. We encountered quadratics and surds in algebra class, learned dates, and memorized reasons for the Revolutionary War with battles of the Civil War as Mr. Fite gives them in his history book. Our business friends struggled for speed and accuracy in typewriting. Those who studied law concocted such puzzling court cases as to baffle the judge, but shorthand symbols completly amazed preparatory division students.

Friday, April 13, 1928, was the evening of the Superstitious Party of which Jeannette Barrows was chairman. The hall had been strewn with black cats, opened umbrellas, broken mirrors, and unlucky signs suitable for the date when the juniors walked

under a tall ladder to gain admission to the dance floor.

When the year was rapidly drawing to a close, the Junior Promenade, given in honor of the class of 1928, remained uppermost in our thoughts. Irad Hardy, the chairman, and his committee decorated Nuttings-on-the-Charles with banners of both classes and gay streamers. Girls in formal evening gowns and boys wearing white flannels and dark coats danced away the evening of May eighteenth. Then the eagerly awaited night was past.

After the promenade we finished the year quietly, the seniors graduated, and we were left the oldest class at high school virtually seniors.

We returned again on September 7, 1928, to the opening day of school. There we were constantly admonished as seniors to set a good example, and with this in mind, the first day passed uneventfully.

We soon discovered that a second addition had been made to the school circle and went to inspect the new portable which had been connected to its predecessor and the main building by a covered alley-way. Fortunately those who come after us will not be obliged to run out in all kinds of weather to the annex. But wonders did not cease there! For several days electricians worked on the wiring and a junior's innocent request of the previous year for lights was answered!

From the opening of the football season in September until Thanksgiving, Waltham's football fever rose. "Pile onto them. It's only Waltham's light team," was the battle cry of each new-comer; yet eight teams finished the game sadder and wiser football players.

Adding much to the enthusiasm of the fans and the fighting spirit of the team was the Waltham School Band making its first appearance in 1928.

Early in the fall the senior class met to choose its officers who are: President, John McGurn; Vice President, Jeannette Barrow; Secretary, Gertrude MacDonald; Treasurer, Arthur MacNeill; auditor, Irad Hardy.

Several weeks later the class elected Avery Steele chairman of the Senior Dance Committee, the major social event of the winter, which was conducted at Nuttings-on-the Charles. There on December 14, 1928 friends and members of the class gathered to enjoy its last public dance.

The social calendar of the winter and late spring was very full. Jeannette Barrow announced the first social on February 8, 1929. A play was presented, and the remaining hours of the evening were devoted to dancing. How grown up we felt to be allowed to put off the last dance to a quarter to eleven!

The weeks passed quickly. Our next task was to select the Senior Play chairman. The class, remembering with what great success he had planned the Senior Dance, immediately chose Avery Steele as chairman. Miss Chapman was again engaged as coach. Within a very short time March fifteenth and sixteenth were announced for the presentation of *The Show-Off*. Once more the class of 1929 scored a success, for the cast rose above all accidents to win merited praise.

A week later Arthur MacNeill was elected chairman of the Senior Class Picture committee. After samples had been submitted from various studios, Warren Kay was chosen class photographer by an overwhelming majority vote.

While the senior play had taken our attention, both boys and girls

had been playing basketball. Since the championship team of 1928 had graduated intact from junior room 4 to senior room 14, these boys became defending champions and retained their title in a long series of games. The girls played both league and class games at home and with neighboring cities.

As the spring months rolled around, graduation seemed very near. Consequently, boys and girls met and decided the question of what to wear. (It is here noted that the boys' Assembly to decide the momentous question lasted much longer than the girls'.)

Graduation music had been practiced, pictures taken and re-taken, and the prophet, historian, and will-writer had already consulted old *Mirrors* and diaries, when the election of Stuart Deans as Senior Class Day chairman took place.

Meanwhile, Leroy Phipps quickly made and completed plans for a senior social. On Friday, May 24, in spite of the rain, many seniors came back to school prepared to enjoy the last social. At 10:45 a Waltham High cheer for Principal Burke followed by another for our own class of 1929, closed the party.

Roger Walcott, baseball captain for 1929, led his team through a season made successful by defeating Newton, 6 to 5, in one of the most interesting games ever played between the two rival schools.

On June 7, 1929, we attended the promenade given us by the class of 1930. The hours sped as we danced and laughed and talked, but all too soon the promenade was over leaving us only Class Day and Graduation.

That is our past. Today we are holding our last exercises together here as a class. In less than a week we shall be graduated. But whatever our future may be, let us sometimes come back in memory to re-live the happy high school days of the class of 1929 whose record is honorable and bright.

LILLIAN SUNDIN

WHO'S WHO, CLASS OF '29

Best Looking Girl, Jeanette Barrows

Most Popular Girl, Gertrude MacDonald

Best Natured Girl, Emily Gustavson

Most Studious Girl, Margaret Seikel

Most Obliging Girl, Evelyn O'Malley

Wittiest Girl, Shirley Sweeney

Most Athletic Girl, Ellen Childs

Best Looking Boy, Lawrence MacNamara

Most Popular Boy, John McGurn

Best Natured Boy, Philip Burke

Most Studious Boy, Arthur MacNeill

Most Obliging Boy, Frank White

Wittiest Boy, Langley Morang

Most Athletic Boy, Irad Hardy

RUTH STROUM

Writer of Class Will, 1929

The Will of the Class of 1929

The witching hour, descending upon the sleeping city of Waltham last night, was marked with a drowsy, solemn clanging by the bell in the Universalist Church tower. For many weeks the joints of the old high school across the way had squeaked in joyful anticipation of this magic hour, the time that had been set for the re-union of the class spirits. Before the twelfth clang faded into the darkness, flickering lights appeared in the corridors; the silence was broken by the sound of merry voices. Into the deserted classrooms danced the merry spirits, out into the corridors again, then up the stairs to the assembly hall where they seated themselves in the very places you now are occupying! The Spirit of Waltham High School in her soft, flowing robes of red and white ascended the platform followed by a smaller spirit draped in rose and sand. A hush fell upon the assembly as the former stepped forward, raised her hand, and declared the meeting open:

"Members of the Waltham High School Association of Class Spirits," she announced, "before a candidate may become a certified member of our organization, his last Will and Testament must be drawn up, witnessed, and sealed before this assembly. We are gathered, therefore, to pass judgment on the Will of Class 1929."

The spirit in robes of rose and sand stepped to the pulpit, unfolded a scroll, and began to read:

We, the Class of 1929, of the City of Waltham, County of Middlesex, and state of Massachusetts, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding (in spite of the numerous doubts that the faculty may have had to the contrary, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last Will and Testament. We hereby revoke all wills, codicils, or testamentary instruments by us at any time heretofore made. We, therefore, do devise and bequeath all our property real and otherwise as follows:

To the class of '30, now our inexperienced Juniors who are so easily puzzled by the intricacies of voting, we hereby present the sacred title, inalienable rights and privileges of this passing class, in addition to an automatic voting machine, guaranteed to prevent more votes from being cast than members present at future meetings.

* * * *

We bequeath ten barrels of encouragement to our shy little Sophomores to induce them to develop a few A pupils. When their Honor Roll is announced in the future, we hope that Mr. Burke will be forced to take a fifteen-minute rest, during which time his hoarse voice will be restored to its normal, sweet tones.

* * * *

To Mr. Burke, our principal, whom numerous autograph books reveal to be instructor of spanking, we leave permission to exercise the requirements of this position—after we have passed on.

Miss Ober, who has voiced a preference for the Scotch race, is hereby presented a Highland costume, including imported Scotch bagpipes, and a book of rare Scotch jokes, if such a book can be found.

* * * *

To Miss Cutting and her sewing classes we bequeath a supply of silk parachutes to insure their safety in their little cubby-hole classroom under the eves in case the roof should be wafted away by a playful breeze.

* * * *

For Miss Woodward we have ordered a dainty steel Robot who will grant her slightest wish by merely whispering in his ear. Not only will he take dictation, typewrite, and correct exams, but also serve as substitute teacher while she hurries about the school on various missions.

* * * *

Mr. Ward, whose forceful speeches on the most popular American drink, milk—milady's fashions, and the danger in playing bridge have stirred his attentive English classes, will soon enlighten the world on the above-mentioned, for WLEX has received our order to install a microphone in Room 14. However, should Mr. Ward continue to wear his flaming red tie to school, this legacy will be struck out by our administrators.

* * * *

Mr. Hodge's suppressed desire will soon be granted. To him we sympathetically leave a class of D pupils, with the hope that the monotony of writing A's and B's will cease to trouble him. This legacy will likewise be struck from this document if Mr. Hodge should attempt to frighten his classes next September, as he did our's last fall, by shaving off his moustache.

No longer will Mr. Hollis have cause to complain about dish-washing that falls to his lot at school as well as at home. To this long-suffering gentleman we present a portable dish-washing and drying machine that will keep his laboratory utensils spotless.

* * * *

To Miss Burgess we leave a model studio equipped with a sufficient number of non-shimmying desks and non-skid paint jars, in addition to the promise of a peaceful future minus boys like Roger Wolcott—sweet little boys who will not ever think of bellowing *Sonny Boy* into the fortunately deaf ear of the plaster-cast baby.

* * * *

A recent survey of Miss Hall's Latin classes revealed the appalling fact that 92 2/3 per cent of her pupils were suffering from severe cases of *Stretched-Neckitis*, a direct result of the *Wonder-who's next* disease. If Miss Hall, the indirect cause of this malady will discard her little white cards, we shall take special steps to procure an imported bronze sun-dial for her flower garden.

* * * *

A grandfather clock, guaranteed to keep imPERFECT time, is bequeathed to Mr. Goodrich, who will some day experience the thrill, the excitement of being late to school.

* * * *

Because French is such a throat-tickling subject, we leave a life-long supply of cough-drops to Miss Clement; if, however, cough-drops should become hopelessly old-fashioned, the above endowment will be declared null and void, and a carload of those famous coughless cigarettes will be substituted.

We hereby deposit the entire sum in the treasury to the account of Waltham High, with the assurance and confidence that the accumulated interest will purchase a sorely-needed new school.

* * * *

We promise the teachers in the tin garages that the best classrooms in the new school will be reserved for them as a reward for their trials in their metal coops.

* * * *

Miss Rand is henceforth promoted to the position of Dramatic Director in the above-mentioned school, with permission to stage her productions in the spacious assembly hall of said building.

* * * *

A sunny, airy gym is likewise bequeathed to Miss Sewall and Mr. Leary. In addition to the most modern apparatus and shower rooms, we present aforesaid persons with preserved specimens of splinters gathered in the old gym floor.

* * * *

We leave Alice Cosgrove's desire for snake dances to any one displaying similar preference, but warn the person interested to purchase a pair of non-skid shoes.

* * * *

The hero of the Class Play, *The Show-Off*, bequeathes his monocle, cane, and innumerable special abilities to an unsuspecting victim.

* * * *

For Bub Storer's roadster-built-for-two we leave a safety railing to keep Betty from bouncing out.

* * * *

Avery Steele is hereby bequeathed permission to marry a tall, blonde miss.

* * * *

A barrel of peroxide is, therefore, presented to Olive Buttrick.

* * * *

To Loretta Gannon we leave a Spanish shawl and a red, red rose.

* * * *

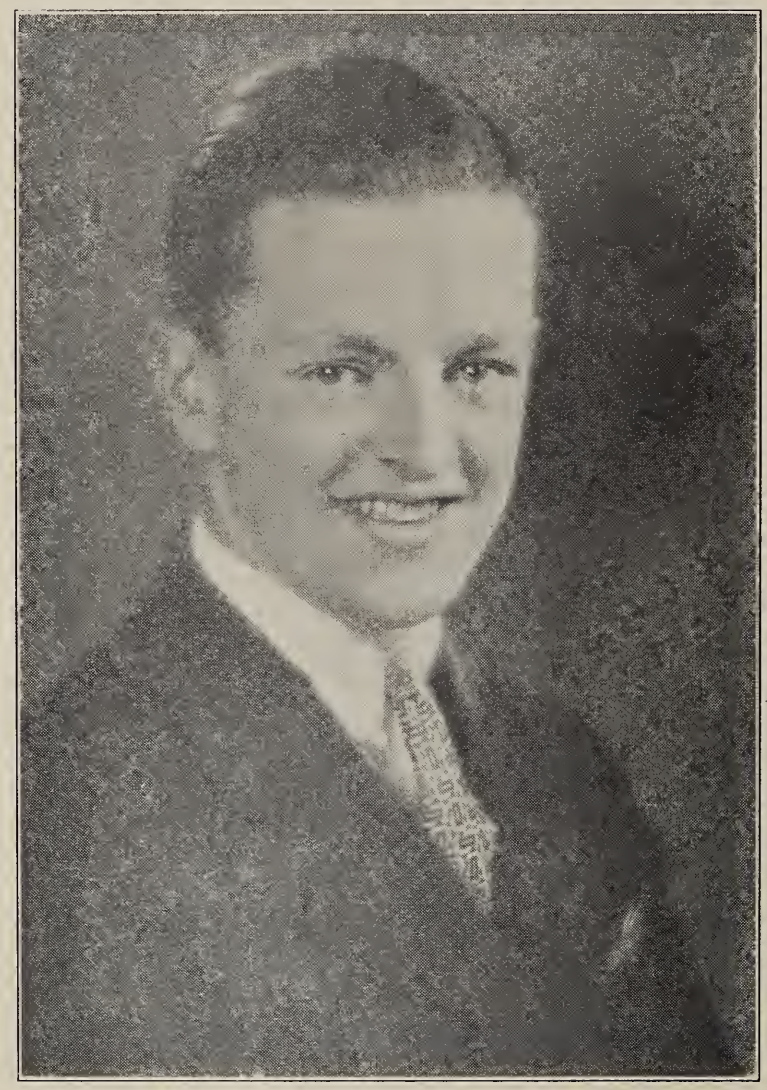
To the school in general we leave our fostered hopes for a new Waltham High School, a building that will be worthy of our wonderful works of art, our carefully selected library, and our teachers.

* * * *

In witness thereof the spirits of previously graduated classes will sign, and seal this instrument as our last Will and Testament, on this twenty-first day of June, in the year of our Lord 1929.

When the reading of the will ended, the class spirits arose from their seats, ascended the platform with their flickering lights, and affixed their signatures to the document of their newest member. In the church tower the bell clanged once. The witching hour had passed, and the lights and merry voices disappeared. The old school, now deserted and still, gathered another memory to its dear old heart.

RUTH STROUM



STUART DEAN

Chairman of Class Day, 1929

JEANETTE BARROWS
Class Vice-President, 1929

GERTRUDE MacDONALD

Class Secretary, 1929

Class Ode

Behind us lies a winding path which leads
Through bordered rows of summer's sunlit flowers;
Where, joyful, we have passed our happiest hours,
And always someone else supplied our needs.
The Path of Youth is this, on which no cloud
Can ever dim the bright sun's fostering ray.
And then is every day the only day,
For we are with eternal youth endowed.

Before us lies a gate which opens out
But never in, for once we pass this gate,
Our life is ours to live, or small, or great.
And now our minds are filled with questing doubt;
Not one but many roads reach out from here,
And some are rough, some smooth, some high, some low.
And one of these is ours to choose, to know
The life we wish to follow year by year,

But let us ope that gate with steady hands.
With high resolve and firm, let's make our way
Along the road we choose this one last day,
In which our youth has fled with failing sands.
And now, do not look back with courage low,
For we have passed—our life we must begin—
The gate which opens out but never in.
Our duty is ahead, come let us go.

MARGARET SEIKEL.

THE MIRROR

VOL. XX WALTHAM, MASS. June, 1929 No. 4

"==to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature"
Hamlet, Act. III, Sc. ii

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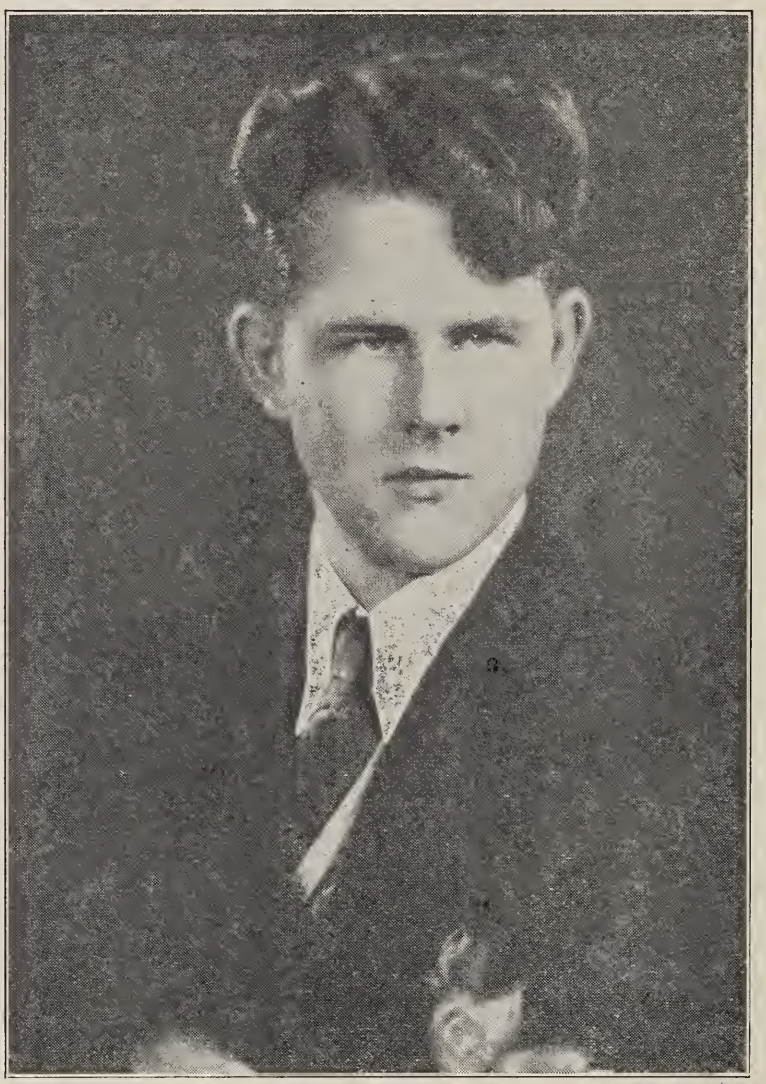
A Farewell to the Graduating Class of 1929

Once again the time is fast approaching for another class to graduate and leave Waltham High. What a mixture of emotions this season always brings with it! In some hearts there is an indescribable feeling of fear and the question continually repeats itself, "Shall I graduate?" or "Shall I be promoted?" as the case may be. In direct antithesis to this type of pupil is the one who is confident and sure of receiving the fruits of his scholastic labor. And there is the joyous, lowly Sophomore who realizes that soon he will be gazing disdainfully upon the entering class and the Junior who sees before him that high and lordly position of a Senior. And so this undercurrent of emotion runs through the school in these last few days, perhaps unnoticeable to an outsider but ever present to an undergraduate.

But let us turn once more to the graduating class, the class of '29. They are leaving Waltham High never to enter it again as students. How they must hate to sever the bands of friendship and comradeship that have been made during the past three years! Now each is going out into the "cold, hard world" to make his life successful, each in his own way. In his life to come each is going to apply the training given him during his high school career, and each will realize as never before the limitless value of this training.

The Mirror wishes each and every member of the class of 1929 the best of luck and the highest success in all enterprises.

CLEVELAND THOMAS, '30



ROBERT WILSON
Class Prophet, 1929

Class Prophecy

On this fifteenth day of June, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, I, on my deathbed as the result of guzzling a beverage concocted by the concern of William Turner and Company, dealers in milk, moose milk, feel it my profound duty to publish these memoirs of the class of '29.

I earnestly beseech you to let me waste a little of your valuable time while you listen to a bit of extracanonical exposition, done solely for the purpose of acquainting you with yourselves.

I pray that through any agony I may thrust upon you, you will have longanimity and sympathize with me in my most sincere effort. (I'm glad that's over.)

Last week Phil Burke, still my buxom friend, asked me to locate him a book entitled *Domestic Animals and Their Care.* I wondered what he wanted with such a book until I discovered that he and his wife, née Hazel McDonough, were blessed with a new and first addition to their family.

Desiring to help poor Phil, I mean the lucky father, I stopped at my favorite bookstore. To my surprise Benny Cutler, the proprietor, with his great horn-rimmed glasses and brilliant red vest seeming too small to circumscribe his equatorial regions, dashed into the store immediately at my request and returned shortly with a book.

It was the wrong book, of course, but the title—*Psychic Revelations of Professor Raymond Smith*—interested me greatly, as I had no idea that a fellow of such boisterous temperament could restrain himself to indulge in writing a book on so heavy a subject. I walked off, turning the pages of the book at random, unconsciously leaving Ben pulling his hair at my utter neglect of re-embursing him for the volume.

As I turned the pages, I came upon a chapter head: *The Psychoanalysis of the Human Mind.* A thrill traversed my spine and I read on. Here are the very words that our illustrious Professor Smith had written: "My dear readers, I am very sure it is not apparent to your inferior intellects what the mental peculiarities of the animal scientifically classified as Homo Sapiens are. For example, among all people there is a definite connection, something that acts like radio waves. By a process long known by the Hindoos, it is possible to concentrate these lines of force and by so doing to establish a connection between the parties in question. In this process it is necessary to have two people of equal mentality who, wanting to see a desired person, sit one on each side of a narrow table with knees touching and hands grasped gently but firmly and eyes gazing in a steadfast manner at each other—somehow this sounded familiar—and concentrate on the person in question. This formula invariably works if carried out in absolute accordance with directions, with the effect that the persons concentrating will be in actual association with the person being concentrated upon."

Best Looking Boy

Best Looking Girl

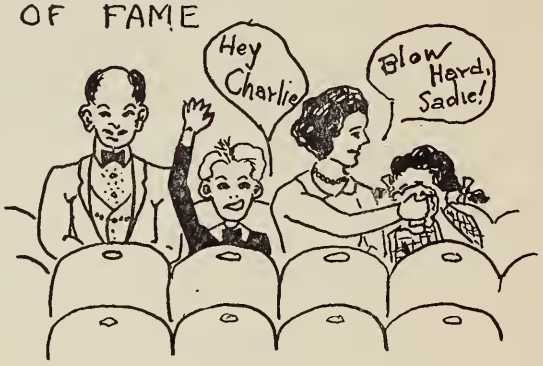
Most Studious

Best Natured

Class Wit
(½ correct)

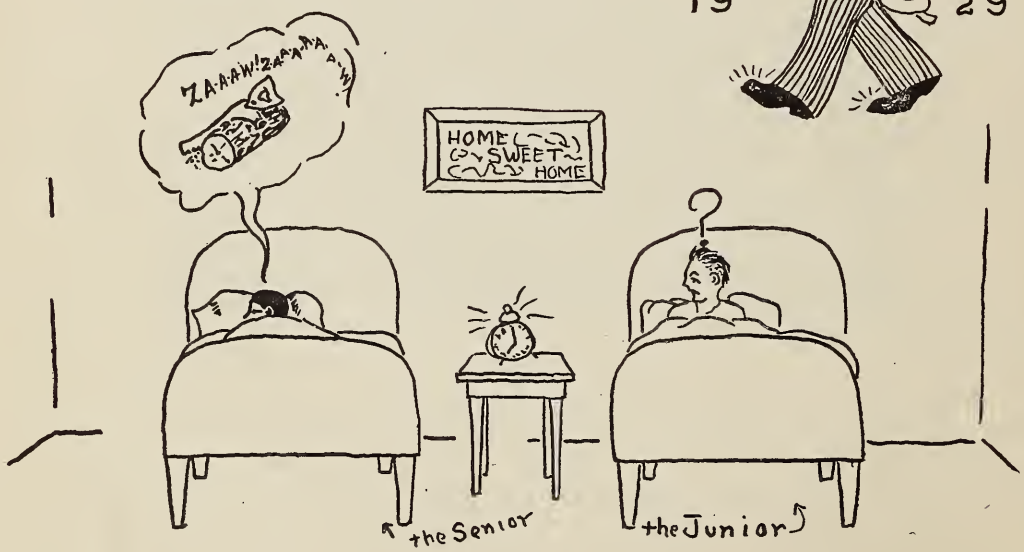
W.H.S "HALL OF FAME"

The Senior Speed Demon



At Graduation

Class of 19 29



7 A.M. JUNE 24th (Poor Juniors and Sophs)

Estabrook

My curiosity led me to want to use this discovery as soon as possible. Consequently I immediately began to think of a person of a mentality equal to mine.

I had been walking down the sidewalk all the time I had been reading. When I looked up, I saw a very attractive sign slung above me on which was written: "MacNeil, Justice of the Peace". "Equal mentality—Arthur MacNeil—just the fellow," thought I.

I rushed into Arthur's office and in a few moments he and I were concentrating for all we were worth on Shirley Sweeney. The effort was a complete flop, however; either Shirley had no mind at all or Arthur's mentality was inferior to mine (and I had my suspicions about Arthur.)

Disgusted, I was about to leave the office when Clifford Maney and Glenna MacBride entered to be tied into a matrimonial knot or what not.

Very much surprised, I asked Glenna if she wasn't still married to Lawrence McNamara. She admitted that she was, but declared that she was tired of his flirting with the customers at his beauty parlor and consequently wanted to get hitched up with a good respectable baker like cliff.

It took Arthur and me a full hour to convince Glenna that being married to two men was a bit irregular and that she had better return to her beauty specialist. When she had left, I turned to Cliff, who had been standing passively by during the argument, and shook his hand, for here was a person whose mind coincided with mine:—Why, I can remember how it had embarrassed me in school when his homework and mine were identical.

I pushed him into the back room and soon we were concentrating on Shirley Sweeney again. Wonder of wonders, this time it worked. But what a sight we saw—Shirley sitting in a rocking chair with spectacles on the end of her nose, knitting—Who would have thought that our peppy Shirley would turn out to be a spinster? We were downcast. This certainly is a mighty queer world.

Cliff and I prepared ourselves for a surprise and concentrated on Morton Ginsburg. A scene in a Turkish courtyard came before us. We saw Morty under a great bear skin hat slashing away at a group of Turks.

I thought that he was doing a solo until I saw Lawson Hill rolling around on the ground trying to extract his head from a brother to Morty's hat and Arthur Weinstein busily slaying the victims of Morty's sword.

I wondered what the fray could be about until I saw Frank White, standing on a wall with his arms folded, looking very much like a Turk, leering at the scene with a wicked eye.

A multitude of women were arranged in picturesque positions in a nearby garden. Then I decided that Frank must have been hounded so by the women in America that he had been forced to retire to Turkey with a *few* of his favorites. At last Morty slew his last Turk and dashed into the Harem. He seized a woman tenderly and soon was riding away on a gallant charger with her safe in his arms. I noticed when they passed that the woman was Frances Frazer.

Lawson and Arthur had followed suit, rescuing Marjorie Bolio and Evelyn Cossaboon respectively—these lads were still evidently the same gallant fellows they had been in school.

The scene faded, but we still had Frank White on our minds and we revived the scene to see if Frank really had had the whole female sec-

tion of the class of '29 transported to Turkey. Frank was busily taking count of stock in his harem. He had a list and was calling their names one by one. As they stood up to answer the roll, I recognized Gertrude MacDonald and that auburn hair of hers, Oh, boy!; Louise Rowell, I bet she tells Frank what's what; Jeannette Barrow, there's nothing the matter with Frank's eyes; Olive Buttrick, Wait until Avery Steele gets out of the cooler. How he must repent using the mail for fraudulent purposes; Helen Crosby, that personified literary gem; Estella Gray, the boss, but not the favorite; and Mary Corrigan, whose scholarly intellect would make a guarantee that the Harem refrained from too much frivolity; last of all Mary Young, to keep the family reconciled.

When our thoughts had ceased to harmonize on this subject, I murmured something about—

"Every dog has his day;
Sinners always get their pay."

Somehow this reminded Cliff of Alice Cosgrove so much that he made me concentrate with him on Alice, to see what difference ten years had made on her. Alice was sitting in a hearse while Roderick Gillis, her long-suffering husband, and William Pedersen, his partner, were busy filling the vehicle with long boxes.

Upon seeing the sign on the side of the hearse, "Gillis and Pedersen, Undertakers, Chicago", I understood what Alice had meant when she told me that her husband was prospering in the wholesale business. I think he has hopes of outliving his wife and enjoying the rest of his life, but I'm not sure.

A suggestion was proffered that we find whether ten years had subtracted anything from Ellen Childs. You remember what a prominent figure Ellen was—no, I didn't say had. Upon getting into Cahoots again a scene closely resembling Old Home Week came before us. It was a group of young women, all making crazy motions. The central figure of this group turned out to be Rosamond Edgar, who looked exceptionally pleased.

Clasping their hands and swaying about her were Gertrude Bliss, Virginia Ellis, Madeline Mabie, and Marion MacIntyre. Ellen Childs was behind these persons with an air of proprietorship about her and a critical eye for the proceedings. After considering the amount of hats and other unspeakables hanging around the shop and the layout on Rosie, I decided that this was Ellen's "Haberdashery", of which I had heard. Rosie must have been the foreign buyer back from a trip with some more vicious styles for the gullible feminine public; and Gerty, Virginia, Madeline, and Marion must have been the clerks to sell the same public the same styles that they seem so much taken up with all the time.

"Good Heavens," declared Cliff, "can't we run into anything more exciting to look at than a bunch of nitwits ogling at a mess of clothes? Let's locate Phyllis Wilson. She may be doing something interesting.

This seemed agreeable to me. Can you imagine our astonishment when, upon concentrating, we found that Phyllis was scrubbing the floor in a bank? I wondered what reverses in life had forced Phyllis to such work. The write-up she got in the society page of the paper certainly changed my feeling of pity for her. What notoriety she did get! A society lady scrubbing floors.

The lights went out for some unknown reason and left us in the dark. We summoned an electrician. After the wait of an hour, Herbert Dicks entered with a hammer in his hand.

Ralph Carter, his helper, followed with a monkey wrench in his grasp, and Walter Jackson with a huge tool kit slung over his shoulder in role of assistant helper came trudging bravely in last. The lights were soon fixed, that is, after Walter had been sent once to the shop for a flashlight and again for a fuse.

When these three proficient electricians had left, I looked at my watch.

"By George," I said. "Isn't it about time for the opera? You know Marian Coffin is a second Galli Curci at the Boston Opera House, and if we concentrate on her, we can horn in on the whole caboodle gratis."

The curtain had just risen when we arrived there mentally, and there were Marion Coffin and Bernard Marsh in the midst of a quarrel, absolutely oblivious of the audience.

The curtain went down hurriedly, and Clifford Johnson, the manager, came out and very profusely begged that the unseemly conduct be excused. He said that Bernard, who had the leading part, had forgotten to shave and that Marion had simply refused to play opposite to him until he did.

In the ensuing intermission, I gazed about the building. In a box I saw Frances Cook carefully instructing her husband, Walter Byron, not to go to sleep during the performance, using for her purpose some loving taps and a hat pin.

At last the curtain rose, and Bernard stepped forth with a clean chin and several lip-shaped red marks on his cheeks. He must have decided at the last moment that the first act needed rehearsing. Bernard and Marian and the remainder of the company shrieked and moaned at each other for hours, but Cliff and I enjoyed the whole proceeding immensely. The mental association had no vitaphone attachment.

Of course, we didn't spend all our time gazing at the actors. We watched the ushers, Joseph Carey and Pierce Burgess, clap strenuously but with no assistance whatsoever from the audience. We saw Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ritcey giggling away at something. I found it was more serious than I had expected, however. The former Marguerite Neilly was doing her best to repair her husband's broken suspenders. William Milesky sat with Mary Baniszewski in a front row seat with a triumphant look, in fact, the only pleased look in the entire audience besides Mary's. Would you think Willy could write a whole opera by himself, and that Mary could supply the words? This opera was the story of Hansel and Gretel and had a very unnatural sort of originality. For instance, the witch had a flowing beard. This part was played by Leroy Phipps. The father, a terrifying personage, was Clyde Granger. Mary had substituted for a swan a cow, and when Robert King was made up as a cow, a real cow couldn't look more like one. Water was used on the stage, even if it did spill over and wet the orchestra, consisting of Helen Maurer at the piano; John Sulmonetti at the saxophone; Eleanor Taylor at her newly acquired bass horn; Katherine Scott tooting an ocarina, commonly called sweet-potato; and Hazel Pedersen at a jazz whistle. I thought the climax, where the cow, carrying Hansel and Gretel on his back across an artificial stream, slipped and deposited Hansel and Gretel quite ungracefully in the water, very affecting. Possibly this was not the climax, but it certainly was the turning point:—The audience got up and left.

Our minds returned to Arthur's back room again. There was one more person about whom I wanted to obtain knowledge that night. That was John Savage—I knew he had started out to find an honest woman and that he had hunted long and earnestly with no results. Cliff informed me that he had gone to sea. I doubt very much whether he will find his woman there. I was sorry for Jack: He should have hunted for hens' teeth.

Late the next afternoon I was on my way to Cliff's shop, where we were to meet. I was suddenly jerked into the air and held there, swinging about above the city. I discovered that a careless dirigible owner had left an anchor hanging overboard with which my trousers were caught. This owner immediately looked from a cabin window to find what was weighing down the ship. It was "Bub" Storer with a tolerably henpecked appearance. He informed me that he and his wife, you remember our old friend, Betty Trask, were just starting on their tenth honeymoon. She had always insisted on one a year. Poor "Bub".

When the good old Charles River was under me, I cut loose. Upon emerging from the watery depths, I was immediately pulled into a police boat and asked for what reason I was polluting the water. The officer was Edward Corrigan. He had to pump me (literally) before I could say—well, never mind what I said; I know I expressed myself perfectly.

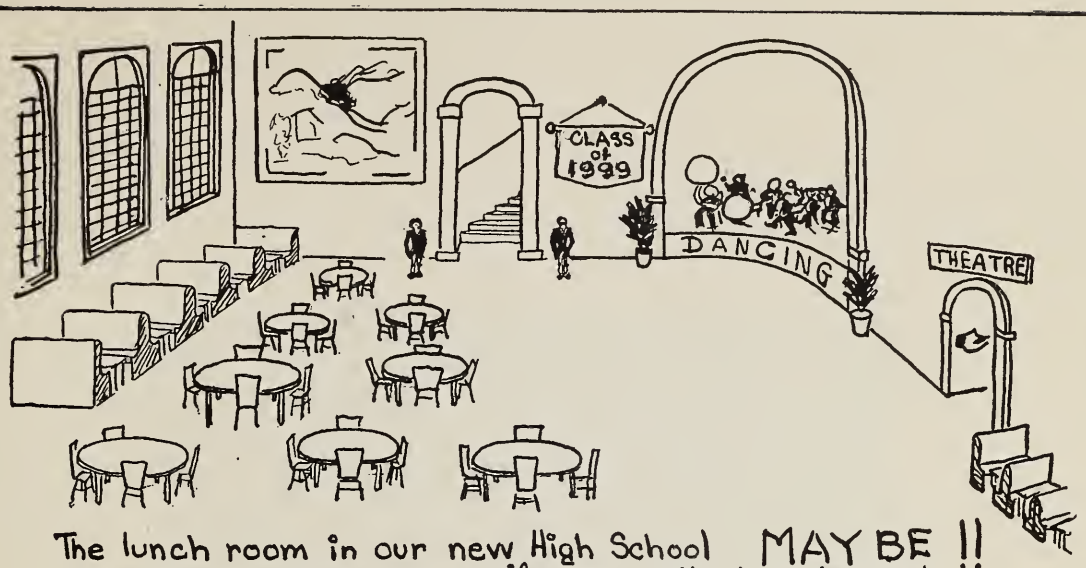
I had a somewhat different reception upon being put ashore. A group of people surrounded me and shoved and fought to talk to me first. Betty Hood was the first to attract my attention. Do you know, Betty was one of these girls that solicit movie actors. She wanted me. She said that I would surely make the audience hysterical with laughter as long as I acted natural. Being serious minded, I refused this offer. Paul Webber, my insurance broker, elbowed his way to me to get the facts of the case, but Ruth Stroum, sensation reporter for the *Boston Transcript*, shoved past him to dislodge a little information of her own from me, but, as I did not desire to become a hero, she got but few results. Dr. Irad Hardy stalked up to me and gave me a thorough osteopathic pummeling before he pronounced me all right. Margaret Doe, dressed in a nurse's outfit, was standing near, and I had her go over me again to find out what the doctor had done. I was certainly sore in general when they both got through with me. Nathan Smith, my tailor, shook my hand and showed me how wonderfully my suit had stood the water test and wanted to hire me to do the stunt every day to advertise his business.

This offer I gracefully refused and started to walk toward the street. I was supported on both sides and felt heroic and important, until I turned to gaze at my benefactors. Then my feelings completely changed, for, holding my shoulders, one on each side, were Police Officers Harold Stanley and Maurice Sheehan. It seems that I was being arrested for disturbing the peace, littering up a public parkway, polluting the Charles River, et cetera. I slipped each a five spot and told them to take me to the mayor.

As I was awaiting my appointment, Isaac Mankowich came out of the mayor's office, radiating joy. He grabbed my hand and said, "At last I've got it."

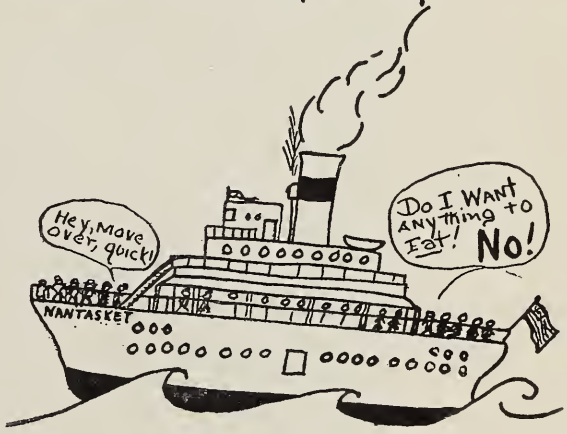
"Got what?"

"Got permission to build my portable garage factory in the gym field, of course."

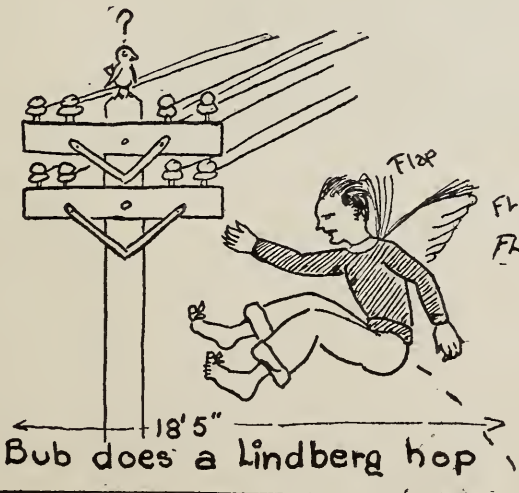


The lunch room in our new High School MAY BE !!
if we wait long enough

This Comes Next, Seniors!



Commercial Club Excursion
far far out to Sea



Bub does a Lindberg hop

Mac Ivor does Sandy Burr in 89

[Estabrook]

Iky was always that way, taking everything for granted and so practical minded.

"Now," said Iky, "when the High School runs out of room, the city officials order another garage, and in no time they can have another annex. They've got only twenty now."

Iky skipped out of the room as the mayor opened his office door. A heavy voice called, "Come in."

I entered.

"Don't you know enough not to disturb the Mayor when he is busy? I've been helping my secretary lick postage stamps."

I looked towards the secretary, Susanne Pierce, who blushed prettily, and towards the mayor, John McGurn, who frowned.

"It's this way," I said.

"Everything's fixed up," said the mayor, "Now leave."

I left hurriedly and wended my way toward my original destination, Clifford's.

Again I was detained. This time it was by a parade. Leading this procession were Robert Atkins and Edward Buswell, holding between them a banner sporting this symbol XXX.

This seemed a bit out of the ordinary to me, and I asked a chap who was busily supporting a nearby lamp post and who was none other than my old friend, Francis Walsh, what it was all about. Francis informed me that it was a secret order called "The Orphan Pink Elephant Befrienders".

"But why the symbol?" I asked.

"Oh, maybe that's what they feed the pink elephant on," Walsh ananswered, then thoughtfully expectorated into the gutter.

The second feature in the procession was Vincent Tracey, riding on two enormous plugs that scarcely seemed to have the team spirit. This equipage was the Exalted Cabbage, so Walsh informed me.

Behind Tracey rode the Right Honorable Carrot, Francis Gallagher. Following the Honorable Carrot rode the Noble Turnips, John Finan and John Young, back to back on a donkey and proud—Oh, my!

The fifth in line was a real pink elephant, that is, the elephant was real, and so was the pink paint. Draped haphazardly across this elephant's back, hanging on for dear life, lay Robert Hampson, Corliss Patten, and Elmer Jacobs, the Honorable Onions of the society.

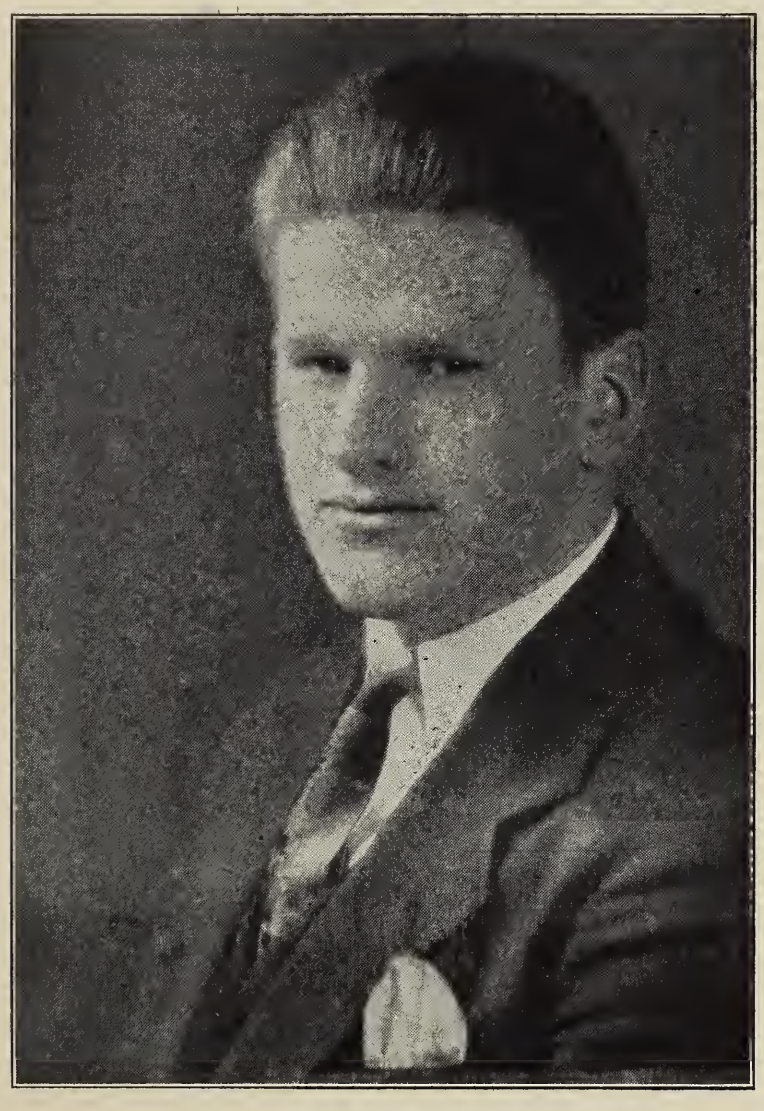
Puffing away on a camel, rode Timothy Cormier. Tim wore a determined but very white look on his face. I've a notion he was a bit seasick, the camel proving too much for him.

The seventh and last exhibit finally passed. It was the Minister of the Bounce, Milton Lindholm, blowing kisses to the crowd and being proudly trundled along in a wheelbarrow by Phil Havener. Don't get the wrong impression of these lads. They take business matters seriously, but advertising is advertising.

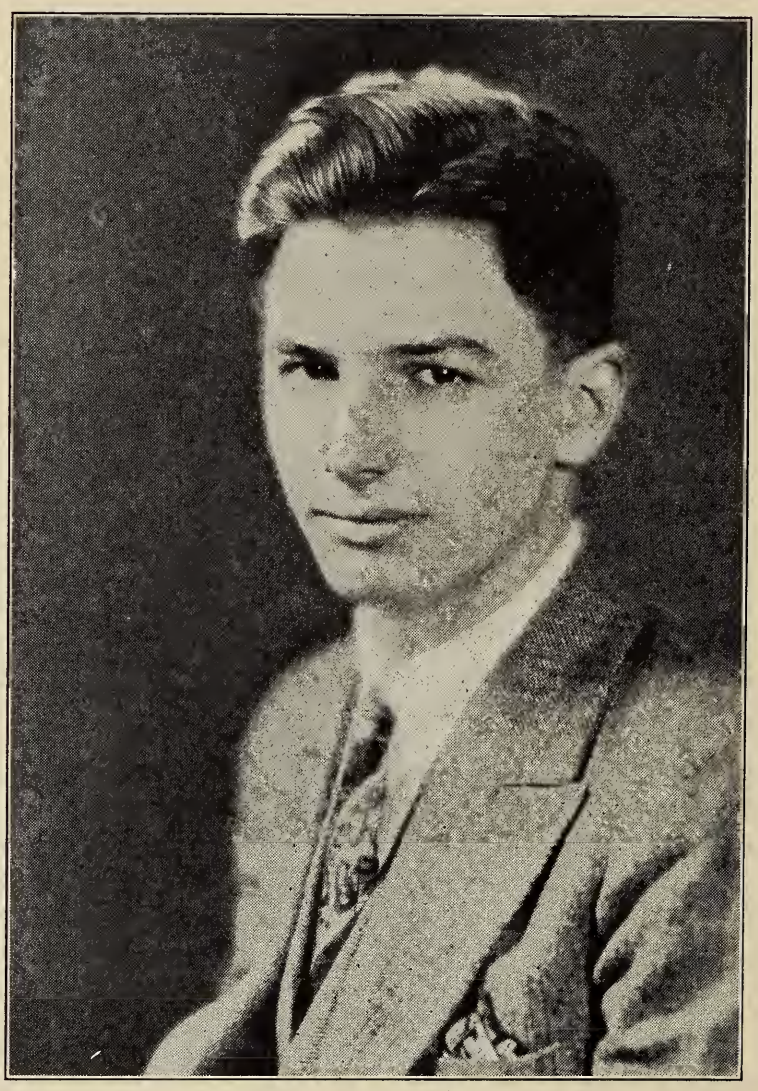
I rushed to Cliff's, making sure that nothing more detained me. As I entered his shop, the bell on the door rang. What a perfect reminder of the old school days!

Cliff, the moment of my arrival, began telling me of a premonition he had had regarding Ruth Deffley. He said he knew that she was doing something in a big way to benefit this world of ours. With misgivings, I concentrated with him.

A sylvan scene came before us in which Ruth, dressed, well, I would say, off-hand, in a sheet, had a group of girls lined up garbed in a similar fashion, and was trying to teach them, as it looked to me, how to fall down without making a dent in the



IRAD HARDY
Class Auditor, 1929



ARTHUR MacNEILL
Class Treasurer, 1929

terra firma. They didn't seem apt pupils, and Marie DeMont always landed at the wrong time on the right place. Isabella Doyle seemed to be graceful and light in the air, but when she saw ground coming her way, she got panicky and met the encounter unarmed. One look at Linda Profita and Lillian Cataldo showed me that their education had been undoubtedly neglected.—They were trying to skip.—Why, even some of the boys of the class of '29 had been known to skip during classes, but it came natural to them, I suppose. All in all, I think Ruth was having a tough time of it, pushing these damsels around through their gymnastics.

I spoke and broke the spell. "Do you know that Fred Wilder and Nellie Miche have started a dancing school, featuring the "Lindburgh Hop?" Freddy's specialty is certainly popular. Fred wears out more people in a day than a football coach does in a week. Nellie does him one better, however. Her section of the pupils helps fill the asylums of the country.

Clifford and I had a premonition that Margaret Seikel had become a humanitarian of note. To confirm our suspicions, we performed our usual passes in order to centralize our thoughts. Lo and behold, our ungrounded suspicions had led to something interesting. It was a night club, and there was Margaret flirting with the masculine patrons, you know. Marie Farley, another Hostess, was repeating the same procedure in a far corner of the room.

The room was full of joy-seekers with hungry eyes and searching stomachs who seemed to be enjoying themselves. Busily passing lemonade and ginger-snaps around, were Lucy Balcom, Verda Johnson, and Marjorie Leishman. Incidentally these frivolous girls paused to osculate with some parvenu, not feminine, to insure a greater pecuniary receipt.

The occupants of the room turned their attention to the center of the room where a chorus of girls were performing. Here I recognized my old classmates, Loretta Gannon, Marie Cuniffe, Beryl Gadboys, Margaret Ray, Bernadine Brophy, Alyse Wellington, and Ursula Urquhart, dressed in "wreathed smiles" and pantaloons, doing a stunt on the "light, fantastic toe". These girls swayed in unison with a three-piece orchestra consisting of Frank Rosenberg—cornet; Aaron Nersesian—Jew's Harp; and Daniel McKenzie—cazook. Dan played so strenuously that the whole piece sounded like a cazook solo.

Sitting at a table very near the dancers was a choppy chap (rather English), wearing a monocle in a jaunty fashion. After a moment's thought, I placed him as Adelbert Bishop. The moustache which I had overlooked had camouflaged his identity.

At a table near Adelbert sat a tall fellow and a fellow not so tall, back to me. The last mentioned was lavishly stoking down goobers. The tall chap turned, and I recognized Charlie Fuller, world renowned star of parlor tennis, otherwise known as ping-pong. I immediately knew that the peanut eater was Stuart Dean, his manager. I've a notion that an unfortunate love affair where the proverb "A faint heart ne'er won fair lady" played a prominent part in his life, causing Stewy to revert to such debauchery as visiting Night Clubs like that of Margaret Seikel and Marie Farley.

This club was not solely for people of leisure, as I soon saw. Most of the visitors of this joint were feminine, however. At one table, hilariously enjoying themselves were Ed-

na Walker, Erna Clayton, and Jeannette Russo. These business-like looking women were so noisy and boisterous that they were upsetting the waitresses as they went by. They must have slipped something stimulating into their lemonade.

Sedately about another table sat Anna Curran, Evelyn Bain, Freda Levison, and Jennie Annis, quaffing more of the predominating drink, lemonade.

More entertainers came upon the stage. Kenneth Anderson and the former Merle Antaya, now his wife, did a Spanish dance. (By the way, I hear that Merle writes books to support the family.) Following this couple was a prize entertainer of the evening, none other than our versatile Langley Morang in the personnel of a magician. To gain everybody's attention, Langley produced from an opera hat our friend and classmate, Thelma Isaacson.

Langley produced one thing after another until he began pouring vodka from his trusty beaver. Then there was a sudden rush for the stage. It was to mob poor Langley. The multitude of women, led by Sonja Johnson, clawing and mauling him, proved to be true democrats and absolute abstainers.

There was a riot call, and soon the room was plunged into darkness and surging with officers of the law.

During brief flashes of the cops' flashlights, I saw three girls whom I had missed in my first survey of the place,—Kathryn Mann, Marion Lobdell, and Helen Myshrall, pummeling Officer Daniel Brown, who looked very much bedraggled. Of course, they thought they had Langley in their grasps.

The hypocrites, Emily Gustafson and Ferna Sherman, had pitied Langley so much that they led him through a side door to safety and left the cops to their own devices.

The scene grew dim and slowly faded—until it finally disappeared. The last I saw of the night club was a view of Adelbert Bishop with his English attire tolerably messed up, now being piled into by Emma Eaton, who had her eyes closed and was wildly swinging at his visage.

I looked across the table at Cliff's shop and found the disappearance of the night club was due to the untimely sleepiness of my friend who was sonorously imitating a sound synonymous with snoring. Poor Cliff must have lost sleep the night before, wondering what strange sights we should see. I tiptoed away from him trying not to disturb him, when an unearthly noise came from the front of the store, and I heard a very familiar voice cry, "Hey, where's everybody?" It was Roger Walcott.

I sold him a chocolate eclair, which he immediately began to smear over his face. We got to talking over old times together and I told him how I had seen almost everybody of the class of '29 and that I should like to find out about the rest if possible.

I inquired about Walter Kleinlein. Roger informed me that Walter, in company with Marshall Gray, was a silk stocking salesman for a concern formed by Barbara Drew, who had turned out to be a woman of great executive ability.

I found that Raymond Light had amassed a fortune through an invention. It seems that he had invented an alarm clock which would wake a person in the morning without disturbing him.

Emma and Louise Graf were kept busy baptizing the aeroplanes that were turned out of the factory owned by Arden MacNeil. These planes were of a new type, so Roger said, and were propelled by shooting a jet of water from the back end of the plane.

Barbara Hatch, Lillian Johansen, and Emily Lancaster had started a school in Waverley for precocious children, but, as yet, they are still advertising for pupils.

I learned that the Mattson, Merowitz, and Moss combination had, with their joint brains, discovered a new type of chewing gum, one that could be chewed in school without being noticed by the presiding instructor. I always knew that Miriam and the two Alices would amount to something.

I was surprised to find that Davis Fogg had joined the Nicuaguan army as First Lieutenant, and George Kean the United States Marines. (Let's hope that they never meet.)

I was astonished to find that Billy Rhodes had started a pet shop in Greenland and was bartering pet walruses and sea elephants from the Eskimos for Eskimo Pies.

Roger informed me that Lillian Sundin had become tired of writing history after completing the history of the class of '29, so much that she had formed an expedition for hunting singing fishes, and through her discoveries hoped to make real history, (not that the class of '29 did not have an interesting history). On this expedition, Lillian took Barbara Bell, the noted woman diver, popularly known as Diving Bell, and Barbara Bain to preserve the specimens. You know how Barbara Bain was always getting things into a pickle. Minnie Davis was taken along to cast a sentimental mood upon the ship and to write poetry—— "The hungry waves lapped the boat as we drew limpid fish from its maw"——you know, that kind of stuff.

"You haven't heard about the alumnae baseball team, have you?" Walcott asked.

I answered in the negative.

"I'm it," he said, "and, lessee, Oh, yes, Norma Young and Corradina Caia, Carmela Biondo, Blanche Mandigo, and Helen Byam, Charles Gordon, Maurice Doucette, and Kenneth White. That makes nine, doesn't it? We haven't lost a game yet, and we've played two games already."

At this remark, Roger shoved the rest of the eclair into his mouth and tore out of the shop as if he had just remembered an appointment.

I followed, not knowing why but wishing to leave Cliff to his slumbers, if he were still asleep after Walcott's noise.

Arriving near the Common, I saw a large crowd collected about the flag pole. On closer inspection, I found that a familiar looking person was sitting on the gilt knob at the top of the flag pole. I inquired of Esther Wood, who stood nearby dressed in a nurse's apparel, who the daring person was.

I found that the audacious adventurer was none other than our shy little Ralph Cohen, who, with a brave effort, had managed at last to force himself into the public eye, and was a flag pole sitter. It seems that Ralph had hoped to catch a headliner in some of the leading papers, such as the *Weymouth Weekly*, but he had been sitting on the flag pole now for a month, and the most he had caught was a mild case of Angina Pectoris, otherwise known as a chest cold.

While we were busy straining our necks looking at Cohen, a loud shout brought the attention of the crowd to a sight-seeing tour announcer. It was Elsworth Litchfield announcing a trip to the slums of Waltham to see the notorious dives on Charles and Felton Streets where the criminal underworld could be seen in its wild state. (Oh, yes.) I moved in the direction of the bus and before I realized it, I was deprived of two

dollars and was being driven along with a goodly crowd. I noticed that taking a chance with me, were Lois Bingham, Evelyn O'Malley, Ruth Wingate, Ruth Proctor, Eleanor Burdett, Nellie Edwards, and Phyllis Hoyt, up to their old tricks. We travelled from one joint to another. At one joint I bought a bottle with this:—XXX's and "William Turner and Company" printed on it.

I was informed that this bottle contained genuine moose's milk. Blank it, that genuine moose milk came from a moose and knocked me stiff when I drank it and left me in my present condition.

If any of you, then, are angry at these revelations, go for Turner:—he's to blame.

ROBERT WILSON

Athletic Summary

1928—1929

FOOTBALL

The football season on the whole was unusually successful. Mr. Leary, with hardly any veterans, succeeded in whipping into shape an eleven that defeated many of the strongest teams in the state. This splendid record was marred by defeats at the hands of Medford and Manchester.

The summary:

Waltham	18	Watertown	0
Waltham	6	Somerville	0
Waltham	6	Providence Tech.	0
Waltham	19	Fitchburg	0
Waltham	7	Lynn English	0
Waltham	7	Haverhill	0
Medford	13	Waltham	2
Waltham	14	Newton	0
Manchester	19	Waltham	6
Waltham	12	Brockton	6

Won	Lost	Tied	Points	Opp.
8	2	0	97	38

HOCKEY

The hockey season was again rather uncertain, since it was entirely dependent upon the weather. However, under the direction of Mr. Leary the team carried out an abbreviated schedule. The summary:

Waltham	0	Watertown	0
Waltham	2	Weston	2
Waltham	1	Mechanics Art	0
Waltham	3	Brighton	0
Belmont	1	Waltham	0
Waltham	0	Wayland	0

Won	Lost	Tied	Goals	Opp.
2	1	3	6	3

BASKETBALL

Again an extensive program of intra-mural basketball was carried out. There were eighteen teams entered in the league. This was seriously handicapped, however, by the lack of an adequate gymnasium. The leading teams finished in this manner at the end of the regular season:

	Won	Lost
Room 14-A	5	0
Room 9	4	1
Room 13-A	4	1
Room 7	4	1
Room 20-A	5	2

In the championship series Room 14-A came out ahead, thereby winning the Room Championship for the second consecutive year.

TRACK

The annual state-wide high school tract meet was again put on by Mr. Leary. Each boy was entered in three events:

Broad Jump
High Jump
75 Yard Dash

Then the results were sent to Boston, where they were collected from every school.

PLAYGROUND

A playground baseball league composed of room teams was again carried on. The games were played after school and aroused great interest. To a certain extent quoits and paddle tennis were also played.

BASEBALL

The baseball team met with fair success. The objective game was won in defeating Newton. The summary:

Won	Lost	Runs	Opp.
5	6	55	62
Waltham	3	Norwood	1
Arlington	11	Waltham	4
Somerville	8	Waltham	4
Belmont	6	Waltham	5
Waltham	8	Revere	7
Waltham	13	Brighton	4
Norwood	5	Waltham	2
Concord	3	Waltham	1
Waltham	6	Newton	5
Waltham	6	Practical Art	3
Lynn Class.	9	Waltham	3
Waltham	x	Natick	x

STUART DEAN, '29

Class Song

A FAREWELL TO WALTHAM HIGH

(Sing to the Tune of Auld Lang Syne)

Our happy days are over now,
We leave, but with regret.
Those joyous, thrilling high school days
I'm sure we'll ne'er forget.

The books we pondered over so
Are neatly put away;
But those dear books have made us all
Just what we are today.

Our teachers too, deserve much praise—
We know they've done their best.
But now, we face the world alone,
Each one to seek his quest.

Farewell dear school, we're leaving now,
For you we'll always pine;
And memories sweet shall always twine
Round good old twenty-nine.

EDNA WALKER, '29.

Class Statistics

Name	JENNIE ANNIS	KENNETH ANDERSON
Nickname	Jen, Johnnie	Red
Activities	Usher at Football games. Track Meet.	Commercial Club, 3. Commercial Club Play, 3.
Favorite Expression	Gol darn it!	When do we eat
Destination	Children's Hospital.	Bentley's Bank.
Name	E. MERLE ANTAYA	ROBERT E. ATKINS
Nickname	Peanut	Bob
Activities	Commercial Club, 2-3. Commercial Club Play, 3. Secretary of Commercial Club, 3. Literary Editor for Mirror, 3.	Dramatic Club, 1-2-3.
Favorite Expression	Not really!	Oh blah!
Destination	Not very far.	An Art School.
Name	EVELYN V. BAIN	LUCY LORAINE BALCOM
Nickname	Evie	Lou
Activities	Track Meet.	Commercial Club, 3.
Destination	Whoopee and Hum	Phooey
Favorite Expression	Bryant Stratton.	The Working World.
Name	MARY BANESZEWSKI	BARA BELL
Nickname	None	Bell
Activities	Dramatic Club, 1-2-3. French Club, 2. Football Usher, 3. Usher at Teacher's Convention, 3.	Monitor '29
Favorite Expression	Oh, Nee, what will people think.	Why not?
Destination	Bridgewater Normal.	P. G.
Name	JEANNETTE BARROW	ADELBERT F. BISHOP
Nickname	Jay	Del
Activities	Vice President of Class, 3. Secretary and Treasurer, 1-2. Chairman of 1-2-3 socials. On committee of Junior Prom and Senior Dance. Captain of Senior Hockey team. Manager of Senior girls Basketball team. In Gym Meet 1-2-3 years. In Tennis Tournament and Monitor.	Commercial Club Committee. Senior Play.
Favorite Expression	If you just as soon.	Deys a Pip.
Destination	Private Secretary.	Business.
Name	GERTRUDE T. BLISS	MARJORIE BOLIO
Nickname	Gerty	Miggie
Activities	Baseball, 1. Hockey, 1-2-3.	
Favorite Expression	Be careful!	Oh, Franklin
Destination	Pratt Institute.	Normal School.
Name	BERNADINE BROPHY	DANIEL BROWN
Nickname	Bunny	Brownie
Activities	Hockey, 1-2. Basketball, 1. Senior Play. Candy Girl. Monitor.	Chairman of Assembly. Commercial Club.
Favorite Expression	My word!	Cut the oil.
Destination	Simmons College.	Grover Cronin's.
Name	ELEANOR BURDETT	PHILIP BURKE
Nickname	El	Phil
Activities	Commercial Club, 3. Chairman of Entertainment Committee. Senior Social Committee.	Football.
Favorite Expression		Oh my yes.
Destination	Waltham Trust Co.	North Eastern.

Name	EDWARD W. BUSWELL	OLIVE BUTTRICK
Nickname	Ed	But
Activities	Handbook. Dramatic Club.	Social Committee, 1-2. Hockey, 3. Class Basketball, 3. Gym Meet, 2. Football Usher, 3. Monitor, 3. Senior Dance Committee. Senior Play Committee. Dramatic Club, 1.
Favorite Expression	Well I'll be all git out!	Maybe?
Destination	Annapolis.	B. U. or Nurses Training School.

Name	WALTER J. BYRON	CORRADINA CAIA
Nickname	Retlaw	Dina
Activities	Sophomore Social Committee. Dramatic Club. Junior Social Committee. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Play Committee. Baseball. Basketball. Commercial Club. Naughty Marietta. Football Score Keeper. Ivan the Terrible.	Commercial Club.
Favorite Expression	Hey! Listen.	Gee Whiz
Destination	Boston University—M. B. A.	Some Office.

Name	JOSEPH CAREY	LILLIAN CATALDO
Nickname	Yossul	Lilly-Ann
Activities	Class Basketball, 1-2-3. Class Baseball, 1-2-3.	Commercial Club. Flower Club. Basketball '27. Basketball Room 7, '29. Baseball League, '29. Mirror, '28. Candy Committee Senior Play.
Favorite Expression	So sayeth you.	You darling.
Destination	Boston University.	Candyland.

Name	ELLEN CHILDS	ERNA CLAYTON
Nickname	Rusty	None
Activities	Orchestra, 1. Basketball, 1-2-3. Hockey, 1-2-3. Red Cross Committee. Meet 1-2. Play day 2-3. Tennis Championship, 3. Football Usher, 3. Senior Dance Committee.	None
Favorite Expression	Would you believe it?	Don't be dumb.
Destination	Bouve.	Cushing Academy.

Name	RALPH COHEN	FRANCES E. COOK
Nickname	Murhy	Cookie
Activities	Orchestra, 1-2. Band, 2. Senior Play, 3 Football Usher.	Hockey, 2-3. Basketball, 1. Gym Meet, 1-3. Social Committees, 1-2. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Play.
Favorite Expression	If you knew.	Now don't get all hot and bothered.
Destination	Tufts College.	M. A. C.

Name	TIMOTHY CORMIER	MARY CORRIGAN
Nickname	Tim	Dolly
Activities	Football.	None
Favorite Expression	Oh yea?	Oh my gosh!
Destination	Dean.	B. U.

Name	EVELYN E. COSSABOOM	HELEN CROSBY
Nickname	Eddie	Fiji
Activities	Tennis, Football games and Baseball.	Social Committee. Dramatic Club, 1-2-3. Commercial Club, 2-3 Operetta, 3. Class Day Committee, 3. Football Game. Usher, 2-3.
Favorite Expression	O Gee Wiz.	No!
Destination	Newton Hospital.	Secretary.

Nickname	W. MARIE CUNNIFFE	ANNA L. CURRAN
Name	Nee-nee	Honey
Activities	Dramatic Club, 1-2-3. Gym Meet, 1-2. Mirror Reporter, 1-3. Usher at Football Games, 3. Class day Committee, 3.	Track Meet.
Favorite Expression	Hurry up, Mary, Please!	Oh! Gee!
Destination	Portia Law School.	Burdett's.
Name	BENJAMIN M. CUTLER	MINNIE E. DAVIS
Nickname	Big Ben	Min
Activities	Orchestra.	Literary Editor Mirror, 3. Commercial Club, 3.
Favorite Expression	None	Edna stop! Do behave!
Destination	Northeastern University.	Secretary.
Name	STUART DEAN	RUTH IRENE DEFFLEY
Nickname	Stuie	Rudy
Activities	Assistant Baseball Manager, 1-2. Manager, 3. Mirror, 1-3. Chairman of Class Day, 3.	Dramatic Club, 1-3. Red Cross Representative, 3. Assistant in Library, 2.
Favorite Expression	Ooooooooo!	Mon Dieu.
Destination	B. U.	B. U.
Name	MARGARET DOE	BARBARA L. DREW
Nickname	Peg	Barley
Activities	Chorus of "Royal Vagabond". Chorus of "Naughty Marietta". Candy Girl at Senior Play.	Picture Committee.
Favorite Expression	If you know what I mean.	Can't seem to think of one.
Destination	Children's Hospital.	Katherine Gibbs.
Name	EMMA D. EATON	NELLIE EDWARDS
Nickname	Em	Baseball, Basketball, Chairman of Membership Committee for Commercial Club.
Activities	Sophomore—Hockey. Basketball. Meet. Junior—hockey, Basketball, Meet, Play Day. Senior—hockey, Basketball, Meet, Play Day at Newton.	
Favorite Expression	None	None
Destination	Simmons College.	Stenographer.
Name	VIRGINIA ELLIS	MARIE FARLEY
Nickname	Gin	None.
Activities	Juigles	Hockey, Basketball, Senior Play Committee, Picture Committee, Monitor, Mirror Staff.
Favorite Expression	None.	Oh, Mr. Ward!
Destination	Chandler's.	Mount Holyoke College.
Name	JOHN FINAN	DAVIS H. FOGG
Nickname	Cy	Figgus
Activities	Basketball, 27, 28, 29. Football, Usher, 29. Football, 28, Dramatic Club, 27, 28. Champion Horseshoe Pitcher, 28. Volley Ball, 27, 28. Class Baseball, 28, 29.	Football Manager, '28, '29.
Favorite Expression	Now t'want that turibul.	You don't say.
Destination	Harvard University.	California.
Name	FRANCES FRAZER	CHARLES FULLER
Nickname	Skinny	Chick
Activities	None.	Championship Basketball Team, 2-3.
Favorite Expression	Don't be so fresh.	A-hum.
Destination	Waltham Nurses Training School.	Harvard University.

Name	BERYL GADBOYS	LORETTA GANNON
Nickname	Billie	Ganny
Activities	Dramatic Club, Football Usher, Candy Girl at Senior Play.	Glee Club, 1-2. Dramatic Club, 1-2-3. In Cast of Naughty Marietta, 2.
Favorite Expression	Oh, don't be like that!	Fer gosh sakes, Mag.
Destination	P. G.	Business School.

Name	MORTON GINSBURG	EMMA V. GRAF
Nickname	Gins	Dusty, Evie
Activities	Orchestra, 1-2-3.	Hockey, Basketball.
Favorite Expression	Oh, yah?	My word!
Destination	Practical School of Arts.	?

Name	LOUISE M. GRAF	ESTELLA M. GRAY
Nickname	Edie	Stel
Activities	Hockey, 3. Basketball, 3.	Commercial Club.
Favorite Expression	Don't judge other people by yourself.	Don't be like that.
Destination	?	Secretary.

Name	EMILY GUSTAFSON	IRAD HARDY
Nickname	Emmy	Rube
Activities	Dramatic Club, 2-3. Senior Play. Candy Girl.	Auditor, 2-3. Chairman of Junior Prom. Football, 2-3. Playground Ball, 2-3.
Favorite Expression	Ya sap!	Horses.
Destination	Martha Bruhn's School of Speechreading.	Harvard University.

Name	BARBARA HATCH	LAWSON HILL
Nickname	Barb	None.
Activities	Usher at some of the Football Games.	None.
Favorite Expression	Honest?	Huh?
Destination	Simmons College.	Work

Name	ELIZABETH A. HOOD	PHYLLIS MAE HOYT
Nickname	Betty	Phyl
Activities	Dramatic Club. Exchange Editor of Mirror. Sophomore and Junior Hockey. Naughty Marietta. Senior Dance Committee. Moniter.	Class Hockey Team.
Favorite Expression	Y' big bum! Really?	Aw Gee.
Destination	Mount Holyoke College.	Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Name	THELMA E. ISAACSON	LILLIAN JOHANSEN
Nickname	Ike	Lillums
Activities	Commercial Club, 2-3. Senior Dance, 3. Football Game Usher, 2-3.	None.
Favorite Expression	Yes	I don't wanna.
Destination	Someone's Stenog!	Home and bed.

Name	CLIFFORD JOHNSON	SONJA V. JOHNSON
Nickname	Cliff	Sonny
Activities	Operetta, 1-2. Senior Play, 3. Orchestra, 1-2-3. Band, 3. Basketball, 1-2-3. Christmas Play, 1-2.	Literary Editor of Mirror, 3.
Favorite Expression		Ain't dot nize!
Destination	Bridgewater Normal School.	?—See Prophecy.

Name	VERDA M. JOHNSON	GEORGE KEANE
Nickname	Barney	Peaches
Activities	Commercial Club, 2-3. Treasurer of the Commercial Club. Tennis. Room Reporter.	Gym.
Favorite Expression	Sure!	Let's hook school.
Destination	Undecided.	Indiana.

Name	WALTER KLEINLEIN	EMILY S. LANCASTER
Nickname	Weasy	Kip
Activities	Junior Prom Committee, 2. Cheer Leader, 3. Mirror, 3. Class Day Committee, 3.	Sophomore year—Red Cross Committee. Dramatic Club. Xmas Play. Cabaret Committee. Junior year—Chairman of Rainbow Social. Senior year—Monitor lst half of year. Head usher of end balcony at Teacher's Convention. Room reporter of Mirror. Last Senior Social Committee.
Favorite Expression	Let's get this thing settled.	Eventually why not now!
Destination	Ohio State.	A School of Interior Decoration.

Name	MARJORIE E. LEISHMAN	FREDA LEVISON
Nickname	Marge	Freddie
Activities	Alumni Committee Commercial Club, 3. Room Basketball, 3. Flower Club, 3 Baseball League, 3. Candy Committee Senior Play, 3.	Tennis. Basketball.
Favorite Expression	Not so's you'd notice it.	Oh! Ya!
Destination	Secretary.	B. U.

Name	RAYMOND E. LIGHT	MADELINE MABIE
Nickname	Von Licht	Fritzie
Activities	Tennis.	Monitor, 3. Candy Committee Senior Play. Basketball, 2. Mirror Reporter.
Favorite Expression	Hel-p.	A la bonne heure!
Destination	B. U.	Katheryn Gibbs Business School.

Name	GLENNA MacBRIDE	GERTRUDE MacDONALD
Nickname	Mac	Gerry
Activities	Operettas, 1-2. Gym Meet, 1-2. Senior Social Committee, 3. Play Day 2.	Hockey. Basketball. Junior Promenade Committee. Class Secretary. Monitor.
Favorite Expression	Ask me, I don't know.	My word! Knit one, pearl two! Knit one, pearl two!
Destination	Training School, St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford, Mass.	Mount Holyoke College.

Name	MARIAN I. MacINTYRE	ARDEN MacNEILL
Nickname	Mac	Mac
Activities	Royal Vagabond, 1. Basketbell, 1. Monitor, 3. Usher Teacher's Convention, 3. Literary Editor on Mirror, 3.	Chairman Social Service Committee. Commercial Club.
Favorite Expression	'N the cow kicked.	Who said.
Destination	Boston School of Interior Decorration or Vesper George School of Pub.	Business.

Name	ARTHUR E. MacNEILL	JOHN ERNEST McGURN
Nickname	Art.	John-E
Activities	Class Treasurer, 3. Football Manager, 3. Chairman Class Photographs, 3. Monitor, 3. Mirror Staff, 2-3. French Club, 2. Senior Play, 3. Class Day Committee, 3.	Class President, 1-3. Mirror Staff, 1-2-3. Editor of Mirror, 3. Cheer Leader, 2-3. Dramatic Club, 1-2-3. President of Dramatic Club, 3. Class Basketball, 1-2-3. Royal Vagabond Cast 1, Ivan the Terrible, Cast 3. Senior Play, Cast 3.
Favorite Expression	Well, you know.	I'll bite.
Destination	Harvard.	Columbia University. (?)

Name	BLANCHE MANDIGO	KATHRYN E. MANN
Nickname	Blondy	Kitty
Activities	Commercial Club.	Commercial Club.
Favorite Expression	Mammy.	Oh, You look all right.
Destination	Work.	Nurse.

Name	CLIFFORD MANEY	BERNARD MARSH
Nickname	Rookie	Swampy
Activities	Operetta 1. Baseball.	Class Baseball, 1-2. Class Basketball, 1-2-3. Senior Play. Orchestra.
Favorite Expression	And room 22.	Oh, Rats!
Destination	To get somewhere.	Somewhere.
Name	LANGLEY MORANG	ALICE MATTSON
Nickname	Lang	Allie
Activities	Football, 2-3. Dramatic Club, 2-3. Operetta, 2-3. Cheer Leader, 3. Senior Play Committee, 3.	Commercial Club.
Favorite Expression	Hi gang.	Oh my.
Destination	With Phipps.	Somewhere.
Name	GEORGE MELCHER	MIRIAM MEROWITZ
Nickname	Melcher	Mim
Activities		Comercial Club.
Favorite Expression	That xx press.	Really.
Destination	Harvard College.	Uncertain.
Name	NELLIE MICHE	WILLIAM MILESKY
Nickname	Nell	Bill
Activities	Dramatic Club.	Program Committee for Assembly, 1-2. Orchestra, 1-2-3. Senior Play Committee, 3. Football Usher, 2-3.
Favorite Expression	My soul!	A little cooperation.
Destination	Wellesley College.	Boston University.
Name	MARIE DEMORT	ALICE MOSS
Nickname	Commercial Club.	Al
Activities		Commercial Club, 3.
Favorite Expression	Whoopee.	Huh?
Destination	Undecided.	Forsyth Training School for Dental Hygienists.
Name	HELEN MYSHRALL	LINDA AURORA PROFITA
Nickname	Myshie	Lindy
Activities	Commercial Club.	Room Reporter, 1. Senior Play Candy Committee, 3. Football Usher, 3. Membership Committee of Commercial Club, 3. Class Hockey, 1-2-3. Varsity Hockey, 2-3. Capt. Room Basketball, 3. Class Basketball, 2-3. Varsity Basketball, 2. Baseball, 1-2-3. Flower Club, 3.
Favorite Expression	Oh, ya.	Let's do it!
Destination	Work.	Opera singer.
Name	MARGARET RAY	WILLIAM D. RHODES
Nickname	Miggie	Billy Ledohr
Activities		Mirror, 1-2-3. Class President, 2. Prom. Committee, 2. Commercial Club, 3.
Favorite Expression	Oh my cow!	Gee Whiz.
Destination	Business School.	Work.
Name	H. JEANNETTE ROUSSEAU	LOUISE ROWELL
Nickname	Jean	Lou
Activities	Commercial Club, 3.	
Favorite Expression	Oh Honey!	What do you mean? What's the big sweat?
Destination	Around the World.	Finishing school and Lowthorpe, School of Landscape Architecture..

Name	MARGARET SEIKEL	FERNA SHERMAN
Nickname	Micky	Una
Activities	Class Hockey and Basketball, 1-2-3. Varsity Hockey and Basketball, 2-3. Manager of Hockey, 3. Class and Varsity Captain, 3. Senior Play Candy Girl. Monitor. Mirror Staff, 1-3.	Basketball, 1.
Favorite Expression	Heavens.	Oh Heavens!
Destination	Mount Holyoke College.	Boston University.

Name	NATHAN SMITH	RAYMOND C. SMITH
Nickname	Nat	Ray
Activities	Basketball, 1-2-3. Baseball, 1-2.	Band.
Favorite Expression	Darned if I know.	Oi gifulte
Destination	Mass. College of Pharmacy.	Tufts College.

Name	HAROLD STANLEY	LILLIAN SUNDIN
Nickname	Stanal	Lil
Activities	Senior Dance Committee, Chairman of Decoration. Commercial Club.	Operetta, 1. Monitor, 3. Social Committee, 1-2. Class Basketball, 2. Mirror Staff, 2-3. Class Historian, 3.
Favorite Expression	No, don't tell me.	
Destination	"Yes".	

Name	SHIRLEY SWEENEY	ELEANOR TAYLOR
Nickname	Shirl	El
Activities	Literary Editor of Mirror, 1-2-3. Monitor, 3. Waltham High Hand Book, 3.	In Chorus of "Royal Vagabond". Candy Girl at Senior Play.
Favorite Expression	Censored.	Oh, Christmas.
Destination	College Liberal Arts, B. U.	?

Name	WILLIAM TURNER	EDNA VELMA WALKER
Nickname	Billy	Eggie
Activities		Basketball, 1. Baseball 1-2. Reporter for Commercial Club.
Favorite Expression	Ja (Yah)	Oh! lets do that!
Destination		To be something worthwhile.

Name	PAUL O. WEBBER	ARTHUR WEINSTEIN
Nickname	Paul	Art
Activities	Basketball, 1-2-3. Baseball, 1-2-3.	
Favorite Expression	I give up.	Don't be like that.
Destination	Mass. School of Optometry.	The White House.

Name	FREDERICK H. WILDER, JR.	ROBERT WILSON
Nickname	Freddy	Bob
Activities	Class Basketball, 1-2-3. Class Baseball, 1-2-3. Vassity Baseball, 1-2.	Mirror Reporter, 2. Class Prophet.
Favorite Expression	Well, Well, Well.	Well—
Destination	Boston University.	Street Cleaner.

Name	JOHN W. YOUNG	NORMA YOUNG
Nickname	J. Willie	Norm
Activities	President of Dramatic Club, 1-2. Baseball, 3. Senior Dance Committee. Motto Committee. Playground Ball, 2-3. Horseshoe Pitcher, 2. Room Basketball, 2-3. Volley Ball, 2.	Commercial Club, 3. Flower Club, 3. Basketball, 3. Hockey, 3. Baseball, 2-3.
Favorite Expression	Oh! Oh! Oh!	Be yourself.
Destination	Tufts Dental School.	Stenographer.

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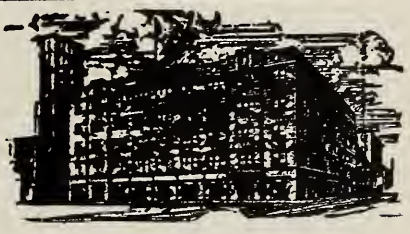

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